

The Marble Hill Press.

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

Ex-Secretary of the Navy W. C. Whitney has made an offer to the New York game commission of thirty elk from his preserve at Lenox, to be used for stocking purposes in the Adirondacks.

The twenty-fifth city in the United States in the order of population has by the present census more than double the number of people contained in the twenty-fifth city of twenty years ago, and nearly a third more people than in the city of that rank ten years ago.

The colored people of Coffeyville, Kan., are reported to be in great excitement under the spell of a nine year old colored preacher, Willie Jefferson by name, who seems to know the Bible by heart and is a mental freak generally. He is said to speak with considerable power.

It is believed by the engineers who are repairing the Galveston-Mexico cable, which was broken by the Galveston hurricane, that the storm was accompanied by a submarine eruption. The evidence of this eruption is found in the twisted condition of the cable. The straining is found to have been reversed and the wires bending it to the core turned the wrong way.

The Winnebago county board has adopted a memorial to the Wisconsin legislature asking that body to prohibit the playing of the game of football in the state of Wisconsin on the ground that "it is dangerous to the health, and to the life of the persons playing it, as it is now played." The memorial was introduced by Supervisor Nash, of Menasha, whose leg was broken in a game of football.

A 13-year-old New York youth has just been arrested and sentenced to a juvenile asylum there as a professional gambler. When he appeared before the magistrate he was tutored out in fury that was the envy of the slums. He had on his person over \$250 in gold and bills, which he confessed he had acquired from an original investment of 25 cents in a crap game, and he was rather proud of his achievement than otherwise.

One of the pleasantest features of the recent New York state conference of charities and correction was the number of young men whose work in the field under discussion made them prominent figures in the convention. Of the heads of college settlements, a large majority were men who have not yet reached middle life, and many other noble characters were represented by workers who are giving to humanity the strength which is the glory of young men.

The Paris Petit Journal publishes the following telegram from Bourges: "In the course of a recent visit of the minister of war to the military establishments of Bourges experiments were made with a new gun, the inventor of which is Capt. Tourneur, of the Artillery, who is attached to the foundry here. This weapon is of great power, and is worked on very simple principles, invented by M. Bataille. Experiments were also made with illuminating shells. These projectiles, on bursting above a point previously determined, send forth several globes of fire, which vividly light up a large extent of country for a considerable length of time."

The establishment of an American bank at Calcutta, backed by abundant capital and able business men, is a suggestive incident in the history of India and America. As an illustration of our rapidly increasing trade with the East, it is stated that one American house alone, interested in this enterprise, has more than one hundred agents in India, and has at all times merchandise to the value of almost one million dollars in transit. America's countries seem destined henceforth to be a leading one, and to meet the requirements of these new conditions American banking houses will inevitably follow the cargo and the flag.

The generosity of actors and actresses is proverbial, but the stars are not often as hospitable as the Paris Opera Comique, which is offering free invitations to its performances on a fixed and intelligible principle. The ball was started by Mr. Gustave Charpentier, the author of "Louise," this being the story of a little work-girl. M. Charpentier thought little work-girls would be delighted to see it, so he sent them a number of invitations, with the most gratifying results. It is now announced that the director of the Opera Comique intends to invite the clerks of notaries and the United States to the performance of "La Basoche," in which they are likely to be specially interested.

Captain A. S. Rowan, who is with his regiment on the island of Cuba, in the Philippines, has written to his home in Atchison, Kan., for lettuce, radish and onion seeds. The native raise no vegetables. The soldiers have no fresh vegetables, except onions and potatoes shipped from the United States. There are twelve companies of soldiers on Cuba. They are much scattered, occupying the coast towns, leaving no troops for campaigning. He writes that insurgents are as active as ever, killing, stealing and plundering.

Harvard university is to receive for its Semitic collection nineteen of the valuable papyri recently unearthed by the Egyptian Fund Society, and which have been for some time in the hands of Cambridge and Oxford professors, who are making a study of them. Among the scrolls are some of Homer's writings, some poems by Sappho, some of the Empress Hadrian's letters and a portion of St. John's Gospel, which latter, although not supposed to be the original writing, is the oldest copy yet found.

Another man was killed the other day by "the Adgeon man-eater," in the Sebri district, Central Provinces, India. He was killed near the Narasingpur border while out cutting wood in the jungle. This gives a total of 48 persons killed by the tiger since May, 1897.

Electricity is now beginning to be extensively used in California for various purposes, such as lighting, fans to take the place of punkies that were pulled by coolies, for driving machinery, etc.

In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Better send the young people to bed, it is now daylight almost," suggested the elders, and they carefully avoided looking at each other.

That some terrible calamity had happened even Lady Jane, whose first fear had been that the bride had run away, was fully convinced.

"But, Lella, you will stay by me!" quavered the mistress of the house, suddenly transformed into a broken-down old woman.

"I will, dear aunt," gravely said Lella. "I shall see little Syb safe in bed, then I shall return to you."

Lella Desmond, slenderly graceful, soft and caressing, womanly to the finger-tips, was yet one of those loyal, strong natures who turn to lean upon in the "day of trouble."

Gervis gave her one look of reverence, then he placed his arm round that mother for whom he and this "perfect woman, nobly planned" had sacrificed themselves so fatally.

Every hour was bringing home to him the terrible blunder he had made in his life. Love between man and woman was God-given, to be prized as sacred, but under the specious pretext of sacrificing himself for the good of his house, he had torn love from his heart, and then sold that empty shell for gold. That it had been a bitter, sinful bargain he now knew.

Perhaps this impending calamity which he was helplessly waiting for the new day to discover might be heaven's punishment for what he had done.

It was still and quiet in the old house. There was a lull of expectancy until the daylight should come to allow action to be resumed.

In Lella's room it was silent as the grave. Beside the white-draped bed knelt Lella herself. She was praying, with frightened tears now no one was by to see them—praying earnestly for the hapless girl who had shadowed her life.

That something dire had happened Lella instinctively knew, but all she could do was to pray for help from above.

"Lella! Lella!" A hoarse, shrill voice made her spring to her feet. Close at her side stood Syb, shivering in her little blue dressing-gown, her face working convulsively.

"I can't keep it from you any longer," I dare not, though I do hate her so!" the deformed girl was saying, her teeth chattering as much from terror as from cold.

"Speak, Syb!" Lella gripped the thin wrist, her breath coming thick and fast. Syb knew then.

"I heard a cry, a smothered scream from the old oak chest, as I walked round the gallery; but I hated her so that I would not speak before! And when I saw you, through the open door between our rooms, praying with sobs, I knew it must be for her. So I must tell, and you'd better be quick!"

Syb slipped to the floor in a swoon. But Lella was already gone. With flying feet she was rushing downstairs from the third floor, where her bedroom and Syb's were.

"Gervis! Gervis! Come, and come quickly! Bring Barnes!" When she had reached the gallery she shrieked loudly. Her voice, sharp with fear, rang through the old house and made Gervis leap to his feet.

"It's Lella! She has found out something! Mother dear, stay here, I pray you!"

He pressed Lady Jane back on her seat. "No one knows what we have got to face!"

"Bring Barnes! Oh, be quick!" Lella's voice cried again in an agony of haste.

Barnes, the white-haired old butler, was stiff and rheumatic. It seemed as though he would never reach the top of the wide, crimson-carpeted stairs, and yet the old man was doing his best, though Gervis would fain have dragged him up two steps at a time.

"Where are you, Lella?" he hoarsely shouted.

"Here! here! Quick!" Round the curve of the gallery they found Lella, tearing frantically the holly and moss decorations from what had been the bank of greenery.

The blood was trickling down her hands and wrists, as the holly tore them cruelly. But, unconscious of pain, Lella continued to pull, until the old black-oak chest, which had been the foundation of the green bank, was disclosed.

"Press the spring, Barnes! Nobody in Temple-Dene knows the secret but you, Press, for Gladly's dear sake!" panted the girl, madly beside herself.

"Whatever—" Barnes was beginning, and fumbling with his spectacles.

"Man, do as you're bid!" shouted Gervis, catching the infection of Lella's frenzy. And he dragged Barnes forward.

Something in his blazing eyes made the old man pull himself together. He stooped forward, with shaking hands, he dug along the carvings, but how slow he was! The watchers caught their breaths and shivered.

"Tis in the shamrock, I do mind me. 'Tis 'bund to be in the shamrock, the spring," he was muttering. In an instant Lella was on her knees, and there, among the carvings and flowers of oak, was a single dainty samrock.

It was the spring! Pressing it hard as she could, the carved lid clicked as it opened about an inch. Then Gervis, with strong arms, forced it back on its hinges, and a muffled cry broke from his lips.

CHAPTER XI.

Lying huddled in the musty chest was a little figure in gleaming silver brocade, stained here and there with bunches of crushed holly berries.

It was Gladly, stilled and immovable, but with widely opened, round blue eyes.

That she was dead was the first muttered thought of both Gervis and Lella.

"No! 'Tain't death!" quickly said old Barnes, peering at their white faces. "See, Mr. Gervis, there's a row of air-holes down each side of the chest. I saw 'em made myself in the old square's time, purpose-like, in case of this very kind o' thing that's happened now!"

But Gervis was not listening. He and others who had rushed to the gallery were carefully lifting the small, stiffened form. A mounted groom had already been dispatched for a doctor.

"But something must be done at once," said Gervis, as they laid the unconscious girl on an Indian rug on the polished floor, close to the gallery.

Somebody was trying to force brandy through the marble white lips.

"Not a drop will go down! What are we to do until the doctor comes?" piteously cried Lella, who, kneeling down, had slipped her arm under the little sunny-brown head.

"Fetch Mr. Ansell!" commanded Gervis, with a sudden inspiration. Gervis, with the American could give some help in the pressing emergency; otherwise, what was the value of his so-called scientific reputation?

Mr. Ansell! Everybody then remembered that, oddly enough, the scientist had not been seen during the hours of anxious search. It was curious, to say the least of it. And still more curious did it appear that no Mr. Ansell hurried to the gallery in answer to the summons.

"Never mind, here's young Doctor Goring himself, which is better," exclaimed Lady Jane, who had struggled upstairs more dead than alive from sheer fright, and looked on helplessly.

"It's a trance!" at last pronounced the doctor, a young man, with all the latest medical and scientific theories at his finger-tips. "She has been hypnotized! Who has done this mischief?"

He stood up and glanced round the awe-struck group sternly. There was no answer, and Doctor Goring went on wrathfully:

"Somebody has got to answer for this night's work! The poor young lady has been brought to death's door, evidently, by some vile experiment. Now, then, clear out of this every one of you! Excuse my bluntness, Lady Jane, but this is not a moment for polite speech. I've got a life to win back if I can, and I can't have a crowd round me. Your ladyship can remain, and, yes, I must have Miss Desmond, if I've anybody."

One by one the spectators departed from the gallery, and the young medical enthusiast set to work, with the result that in a quarter of an hour Gladly feebly opened her lips and spoke.

"I want Lella," was the whisper. And when she saw that it was Lella herself who was supporting her head the bride's round eyes closed contentedly.

"She will sleep now. We must carry her to her bed," said Doctor Goring, well satisfied.

"You are wanted, sir, at once," came an urgent whisper; while Gervis, lifting his wife in his arms, carried her away.

"What! another case?" The doctor wheeled around, and he was silently beckoned to the quarter of the house known as the bachelors' wing.

Lying back in his chair in front of a writing table, and grasping a folded paper, was a dead man.

The room was in perfect order. There had been no assault, no murder, no suicide, so far as one could judge at the moment.

But that death had entered the half-open door of the black eyes, the dropped jaw, and the marble hue of the long, thin fingers gripping the sheet of paper spoke all too clearly.

Little wonder that Paul Ansell had failed to join in the search for the missing bride, failed to obey the summons for his helpful skill.

"He has been dead quite a couple of hours," said Doctor Goring gravely, secretly wondering what would be the outcome of this double tragedy.

You must keep this business from the ladies as long as you can," he said, turning to Gervis, who had been hastily sent for. "There must be an inquest, of course; and, meantime, I should take possession of that folded paper, see, I've managed not to tear it. You'd best lock it away until you hand it to the coroner, Mr. Templeton."

"Why," gasped Gervis, as he caught sight of the close, upright handwriting, "my wife wrote that! What villainy is this, see here!"

"It was the last will and testament of Gladly Templeton, and, in correct legal form it assigned everything the testator possessed to Paul Ansell of Montreal, revoking all former wills and codicils. The document was duly signed, and the signatures and addresses of two Americans were appended."

Not a flaw was there from beginning to end of the deed.

"You hold the key that unlocks the whole of this night's mystery," briefly said the young doctor. "This unfortunate man must be a reckless adventurer, we will have him put in his hands a most dangerous weapon. He is, we will discover, a criminal hypnotist, a so-called scientist, seeking some tool to further his own ends. Yes; yes; you'll see we'll find out that's what he is—was, I mean," said the medical man.

He was right in his surmise, as the inquest brought out, bit by bit, partly from papers belonging to the dead man, partly from the unwilling evidence of Gladly, who had been more or less under hypnotic influence since the night of the fire in the snow-shed. As for the villain's own deed, it was proved to be from natural causes, and due to long-standing heart disease, that caused a breakdown at the crucial moment of his career.

WICKED CITIES.

Hold Burglars and Highwaymen are Numerous in Gay Paris.

Highway robberies have multiplied of late in Paris to so alarming an extent that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that we live at present under a reign of terror. Every morning the papers publish a fresh list of victims, says a correspondent in the London Pall Mall Gazette. The main thoroughfares are somewhat safer, of course, than the more out of the way streets, but even on the chief boulevards the belated pedestrian runs no inconsiderable risk as soon as the rush of traffic from the theaters is over.

Bagshot Heath in the palmiest days of highwaymen must have been a delightful spot after dusk compared with some of the most respectable districts of Paris at present. In the olden days you were at least allowed to save your skin by parting with your purse, whereas the modern Parisian footpad does his best in nine cases out of ten to murder his victim either before or after he has robbed him. The unspeakable ferocity of the Parisian ruffian is, perhaps, the ugliest feature of the situation. He is seldom or never content with merely easing the "panto" of his property. His usual mode of proceeding is to begin by half killing his prey in the readiest way of preventing anything in the nature of resistance. Revolvers, knives, bludgeons, "os de mouton" and knuckle dusters do their work effectively before there is any question of securing the booty.

Time after time it is the same old tale. The police come up either attracted by the scuffle, or long afterward, on their beat, to find an unfortunate creature lying in a pool of blood, dead or in desperate straits. But there have been innumerable examples of late of violence being resorted to solely with a view of satisfying the most fiendish instincts of cruelty. On the whole, the police do what they can, but there are far too few of them. Even when they catch their quarry red-handed, which is the exception, as their rounds are few and far between, they are usually outnumbered and outwitted. Instances of the commonest kind of highway robbery, but as a rule, the best that happens is that they capture one or two of the ruffians, while the others make good their escape. Fortunately, the detectives supplement their efforts to excellent purpose. When one or two members of a gang are arrested their comrades are generally run to ground before long. The trouble is that the supply of desperadoes seems to be inexhaustible. One band is no sooner under lock and key than another is rivaling its exploits.

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But the jury's verdict was the popular one—"By the visitation of God."

Five years have passed away. So many changes have happened to Temple-Dene and the Templetons that Lady Jane has come to look back upon the days when she wore faded silks and lived a sorely pinched life as the happiest she has known.

Today she no longer wears her favorite blue, for Francis Templeton has gone to his grave, his heart eaten out by the melancholy nothing would dispel.

So Lady Jane wears widow's weeds and has learnt the old lesson that "contentment is great gain."

The dainty American bride, so fragile and highly strung, never managed to weather the repeated shocks to her frail system. Like a broken flower she withered, until she declined to live.

In Lella's tender, supporting arm, her weak hands clinging tight round Lella's soft throat, Gladly died peacefully.

"Take care of my Gervis, Lella. You will do better than I," with the words of the dying she whispered at the last.

And now that the years have gone round, Gervis begins to think it is time Lella was taking care of him. Between the two there is a perfect understanding, and by and by their wedding bells will ring out for the third "narrow endorsement for the night, joy be bound to come in the morning."

(The End.)

...As the World Revolves...

Great Russian Diplomat.

A cablegram from St. Petersburg announces the permanent appointment of Count Lamsdorf to the office of Russian minister of foreign affairs. The new foreign minister is not unknown to the diplomatic world. He has occupied the post of acting head of the foreign office at St. Petersburg since the death of Count Morski. Even before the fatal illness of the latter Lamsdorf was practically master of the work done in the department. The

Little Girl Burglar.

The authorities of Milwaukee have recently had to deal with a most astonishing case. Little Gertrude Gehritz, a pretty girl of 10, with wide blue eyes and yellow hair, was brought into court charged with burglary. It was proved that the child had

been accompanied and unaided, broken into the house of Dr. J. H. Hueneke in the dead of night and had stolen and carried away the clothing of the doctor's little daughter, who is about the same age. Later, it appeared, Gertrude ran away from home and slept for several nights in the basement of a neighbor's house, her whereabouts being entirely unknown to her parents. Her mother, who is a woman of respectability, was in court with the child, and pleaded that her "baby" be not taken away from her. The evidence was so strong, however, and there seemed so little chance of her father and mother having any influence over her that the judge reluctantly sent her to the industrial school. The little girl seems to be entirely void of the natural fear which would keep an ordinary child from going abroad alone at night.

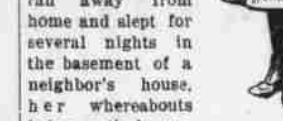
The average height of the heavy rained-out is 1,850 yards; of the delicate, fleecy cirrus, 9,700 yards.



COUNT LAMSDORF.

new minister has been in full possession of the confidence of the Czar for a long time. He will retain Prince Obolenski as his assistant. The Czar, it is said, is highly pleased with Count Lamsdorf's administration, and his promotion is in the nature of a reward.

Count Lamsdorf is thoroughly posted on American affairs and is said to be "hand in glove" with our ambassador. He says that the century and a quarter of undisputed friendship that has existed between this country and Russia



Gertrude Gehritz.

Surrender Tree at Santiago.

"El Arbol de la Paz" is the name given to the beautiful ceiba tree, situated northwest of San Juan hill, not far from the junction of the roads from San Juan to St. Carlos and San Carlos to San Juan. Under the shade of which the conference between Gen. Shafter and Gen. Trollope took place, where Hobson's exchange was arranged and where the surrender of Santiago, or capitulation, as the Spaniards insisted it should be called, was made. It is also known as the "Surrender Tree," and since that memorable ceremony has been visited by many tourists. Its destruction would have been inevitable had not the American authorities surrounded it by a double wire fence, upon which is posted a notice forbidding its mutilation.

Among the freaks of the wind and waves at Galveston on Sept. 8 was the blowing ashore and stranding far from the water of a fleet of eight big British steamboats. One of these ships, the Tauton, was driven to Cedar Point, 23 miles inland from Galveston harbor. The total insurance on the eight stranded ships was in the millions, and it was determined to try to save them.

An examination showed that not one of the steamers was badly damaged so far as its hull was concerned, and that if they could be gotten back into the water they would float without difficulty. Seven of the boats lay comparatively near deep water, and they were floated with much trouble. Then work was begun on the Tauton. Several big dredging machines were set to cutting a channel to tide-water, and as the ground was flat and soft, extremely rapid progress was made. Advantage was also taken of an inlet which penetrated some distance into the land. Finally, in just thirty days after the job had been begun, the Tauton, after the longest inland journey ever made by a steamship, was again afloat and commenced to load its cargo for the outward voyage.

Several years ago Stears went to Marquette and took up his residence in the hollow trunk of a tree near that town, and he has lived there ever since. The tree was a great hidden that has been sawed off about 15 feet from its base, and in it the occupant has brought to bear his accomplishments

There are many remunerative occupations for women.

One thrifty woman who had watched the vegetables and fruit rotting day by day at her grocery's, and which were a dead loss to him, proposed that they enter into an arrangement in the future whereby she should preserve and pickle his entire surplus, either for regular pay or upon commission, in the latter case he furnishing the sugar and spices. Another woman, with sharp business instincts, a butcher's wife, sold her surplus meat to a delicatessen store, and found a ready sale for it to many overworked housekeepers. Still another, who knew but one thing thoroughly, and that was cookery, called every morning at certain physicians' offices and formed a list of families in which sickness prevailed. These families she offered to come every day for an hour or so, to prepare in their own homes mutton broth, beef extract, chicken jelly, panada, gruels, fruit and herb drinks, wine, custard, etc., furnishing her time and labor cheaper than the articles could be bought at restaurants or women's exchanges. Some women are specialists in one branch, such as handkerchief embroidery, lampshade making, fan painting, feather curling, glove cleaning, and the like, or can make beautiful neck scarfs, and sweater lace. Such can easily make their specialty pay some by the aid of friends, some by the patronage of dealers in such goods, some by a house to house canvass made by themselves. A young girl in one of the large eastern cities was recently puzzled by finding herself almost helpless and homeless, with no talent in any one direction. There was but one thing of which she never tired, and that was of children, all of whom seemed to adore her; so this young girl went out at so much an hour to amuse sick and feeble children. Many a worn-out mother found her presence a most grateful repose. She was indefatigable in inventing new games and perfecting old ones, and her naturally retentive memory came also to her aid as a story-teller. It is the woman who takes advantage of the opportunities which women can plan as well as execute, whom the world wants and for whom it will push its ranks apart to make place.

Food's Lowest Daily Cost.

A actual experience the Ruskinettes, a colony of socialists near Waycross, Ga., have demonstrated what is probably the lowest possible daily cost of food. They live at an actual cost per capita of less than 10 cents a day. Of course this could not have been accomplished except through co-operation. Everything they consume is bought at wholesale in large quantities and is cooked in the community. In the community dining-room tables are set for 300 people. Those who do not wish to eat with the crowd are allowed the privilege of purchasing company stores and cooking them at home.

Boats Blown Inland.

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